

The Lomond Press

VOL. 2. NO 4.

LOMOND, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1917.

\$1.00 PER YEAR.

The Fair a Big Success.

In spite of the postponement, Lomond's first annual agricultural exhibition, held on Tuesday of this week, was a signal success. The crowd was no doubt smaller by a great percentage than would have been the case had the fair been held on the first date arranged, yet, considering the day came in the midst of harvest operations, the turnout was all that could be expected.

Putting all exhibits and judging on the one day made a good deal of work for the directorate, but everything appeared to be handled with dispatch and the absence of friction. The exhibits in the hall were numerous, ladies' work taking the eye of all, filled three quarters of the entire hall space. There was a good showing of vegetables and garden products, far in excess of what was exhibited the first day before. There was a large array of butter exhibited and a good representation of fruits and preserves.

The center of interest lay in the horse ring, where was an excellent lineup of registered and high-grade horses. Clydesdales were in the majority as to numbers, and percherons followed close behind. There were six very fine stallions in the stock parade.

The cattle stalls had but few representatives but what was there tended towards high class breeding. Swine exhibits showed up fairly classy, though not as numerous as would have been liked.

After everything had been duly inspected the crowd naturally turned to the sports program. The ball game between Travers and Lomond provided a couple of hours of attraction. The lateness of the season made it almost impossible to secure a team to contest the game, yet Travers came to the rescue, and while they did not carry off the victorious pennant the association is grateful to them for their attendance. The bucking contest finished up the day—when coupled with the steer-riding. Much excitement was provided by the numerous riders and no one was hurt, though one little lad narrowly escaped from the hoofs of the mule. Steer-riding proved more humorous than anything else, while local riders maintained their prowess in this respect.

The horse races were practically provided by outsiders. Johnson og Champion taking home the free-for-all purse. The two Rileys maintained their usual speed around the track.

At night a dance was given in the L.O.O.F. Hall with Butler's orchestra providing the music. The crowd was all the hall could accommodate and of course the enjoyment in accord with the size of the crowd. Considerable disturbance was caused by certain individuals who had lost control of their better judgement through booze. It seems in spite of prohibition there is always something like this to crop up to mar pleasant proceedings.

Altogether, the fair associations has a good lot to be thankful for. The directors have shouldered a heavy responsibility financially and other-

wise towards giving the Lomond people a good start in an agricultural society. They have been very ably supported but will require the constant co-operation of the public to carry things through and come out on top. Keep this in mind and when the annual meeting is called come forward and sign up for the next year.

Card of Thanks

The members of the Non-Partisan League wish to express their deep appreciation of the courtesy extended them by the officers of the Lomond Fair Association in permitting Mr. Wm. Irwin to make a short address to the people on fair day.

They also wish to extend their hearty thanks to the Board of the Methodist Church and their pastor, Rev. Mr. Irvine, for the use of the church on the evening of fair day when a large meeting was addressed by Wm. Irvine of Calgary on the objects, aim and work of the Non-Partisan League. Mr. H. W. Johnson, one of the executive and chief organizers also took up the economic side of the question, more particularly the handling and marketing of the grain crops.

Public Meeting

Since writing the article that appears in another column about the water proposition, Reeve Williamson has informed us of a public meeting to be held on Monday evening in the I.O.O.F. Hall for the discussion of Harry Saunders water proposition. This should be more interesting than a prohibition lecture and all resident ratepayers are exhorted to make their appearance and try and arrange some scheme whereby the town will be the possessor of a constant supply of good water.

New Wheat

The first new wheat to be brought to Lomond this year was that of Hugh MacIntosh, brought in on Saturday and sold to the Ogilvie Elevator. Several threshing outfits are running whenever weather permits.

The average yield as far as the south and east country is concerned is not going to be very high, perhaps fifteen bushels. Some reports being as high as twenty-five per acre. Even fifteen bushels makes farming fairly profitable.

The country to the north and west appears to have more weight in the kernels. The grain was a trifle later and the effects of the late rains are more evident on these crops than in the district first mentioned.

Unless the present rainy weather conditions prevail threshing will be a short job this fall and will be cleaned up early in October. The numerous outfits coming into the country will have a strong-bearing on the short threshing season.

Harry Manning drove to Grassy Lake last Saturday to bring home Mr. and Mrs. Walter Manning from that place.

LOCALETS

Bobbie Moir is quarantined with diphtheria, with John Egle acting as nurse.

Mrs. Clever and Miss Doherty, of Champion were the guests of Mrs. Watkins this week, coming over for the fair.

Mrs. Evans Hughes of Armada is taking a trip down to the States to visit her brother, who has been called to the colors by the recent draft.

Miss Hunter has taken a position in Webster Bros. store, the position being made vacant by the retirement of Miss Bausch, who is returning to Minnesota.

L. J. Klein, Edward Stock and Harry Youngblut, of Tavistock, Ontario, are stopping for a few days with Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Swain, having come out to look over the west and dabble into the harvest operations.

F. U. Laycock of the Weston Leader, published at Edison in the northern portion of the province, was a caller at The Press office this week. He is taking a holiday trip through the province, and was much impressed with the splendid crops and general prosperity in Lomond district.

Mr. J. W. Grier, recently of Hedley, B. C., has arrived in Lomond to take over the operations of The Lomond Press. Mr. Grier being an experienced newspaper man will give The Press a few finishing touches when he gets things moving in his own line and give the people a paper really worth while.

Monday last Neil & Fitzgerald took over the Farrell & Porter livery barn and will conduct a general livery and sales business. They have cleaned out the cisterns. Both have had many years experience and should build up a thriving business. Mr. Neil is a veterinary and his services are at the disposal of those requiring them.

On Tuesday evening of last week two car loads of people who had driven from Denver, Colorado, on their way to visit friends located in the C. P. R. irrigation lands north east of Bassano camped at Mr. Teskey's Ford garage. They had made the entire trip by auto and had a well equipped camping outfit for their accommodation on the road.

So far as road work is concerned around Lomond for this year everything appears to be at a standstill. McArthur, the government contractor has pulled up his outfit and loaded out for home last week. He claimed to be unable to make any progress on account of lack of help. Local farmers were to busy to be tempted by the offers of road work. A good stroke of work was done while the outfit was at work and the same will be amply appreciated by the farmers when hauling to town this fall. It is to be hoped that this will not be the end of road improvement till another election is called.

Lomond is to have a new gent's furnishings and clothing store, Frank Brown, of High River, having come to town with this immediate purpose.

Rev. Huestis, of Edmonton, will deliver an address in the Lomond Church on Monday evening. Mr. Huestis is working in the interests of the Dominion Alliance.

George Johnson, of Badger Lake, was brought up before J. Ps. Smith and Rodgers on Thursday of last week for a preliminary hearing on a charge of stealing binder twine laid by Wm. Hill. The case was sent up to a higher court and the defendant being released on three thousand dollars bail.

On Tuesday evening a smash-up took place just a mile south of town when Riley Conklin and his Chevrolet collided with Leonard's horse and buggy. The horse's leg was quite badly hurt and a couple of the boys were shaken up so they will remember it for some time. The car turned over, breaking off a wheel, the top, windshield and various paraphernalia. It is most fortunate that no one was killed.

Smith & Moran have signed up an agency contract with the Overland people to handle this well known make of automobiles in this part of the country and soon will be driving around in a fine new demonstrator. It just seems as if this firm has continually got to be mixed up with something that has a gasoline engine attached to it. But, if they are as successful in the automobile business as they have been in their other lines of business the Overland people will be well represented in this town and district.

Water! Water! Water!

Have you any? Is it drinking water or rain water? Lomond is sure up against some proposition in this respect and till some problem is solved whereby the town can be assured of some permanent supply of water the town's growth will be retarded. We cannot attack much blame on the men who haul the drinking water into the town. It is a thankless job, and takes pretty steady pumping to keep all the people going.

A good many people are resorting to cisterns for the preservation of rain water and some have installed filterers to purify the rain water and insure themselves constant supply as long as rain falls freely. But this is not the question, we require civic management of this water proposition.

Last week Mr. Brodie circulated a petition for a guarantee of so much money provided he located an adequate supply of water near the town so that he could pipe same to a convenient place or the people of the village. Our own view of the matter is that the council should assume this responsibility if same is to be assumed at all. Otherwise a good many people will benefit who are not public spirited enough to dogate toward the project—all the more honor to those who lend their support.

The Lomond Press

LOMOND, ALBERTA.

Published Every Friday.
Advertising Rates on Application.

RAE L. KING, PROP

LOMOND, ALBERTA, AUGUST 31, 1917

This and That.

Waken up! The resources of this district should support a town of five thousand inhabitants. Be an optimist even if you have to use nails instead of buttons. What is an expenditure of \$25,000 or \$50,000 when distributed over a period of twenty years if it induces people to locate here? Every family of five persons that build a home here increase the assets of the town \$1000. An electric lighting plant, a water supply and sidewalks are necessities. The business man or farmer who wouldn't take all proper precautions to meet possible contingencies and to increase his trade or output

would be left behind in the race. So with the town that doesn't offer inducements to possible settlers, it will eventually be among the "also ran." The repayment of the amount required would be distributed over a number of years and as the population increased the individual burden would decrease. And, then, we won't all live that long.

Possibly the only difference between a partisan and a non-partisan politician is that one is enjoying the "flesh-pots" and the other would like to be enjoying them. When one or more politicians, whether partisan or non-partisan, are found roaming round the country "for the benefit of the public," it is a safe bet that the business men, the farmers and the workingmen are either directly or indirectly digging down for their cigars, grub and transportation.

The political cabinet factory at Ottawa is working overtime. It is a dull day when thirty or forty new names are not mentioned for cabinet positions. A vertebrate may slip in unknown to the bunch.

Get the Children Ready for

School Opening

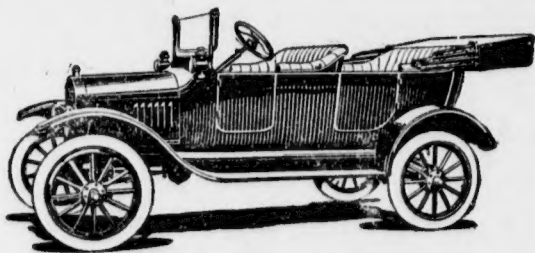
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At my Garage in Lomond.

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Economy is the cry of the government.
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This is where the Ford steps in. It has proven to be the car with the lowest cost of upkeep for the greatest amount of real service rendered. To the great majority of farmers in this country a Ford is a real necessity. It eliminates the distance from machinery repairs, from the services of a doctor, from school, from the necessary forms of educational amusement.

But, when you get into the high priced heavy car you run into luxury--because they cannot compete.

W. A. TESKEY

LOMOND.

Fruits!

The Pioneer Store will as usual look after your preserving fruit requirements this season. Come in and leave your order for delivery in season. We also have a good stock of glass sealers.

The Pioneer Store

A. PARKER, Prop.

Delaney & Armstrong

Dray and Transfer in Connection.
We Move Pianos Without a Scratch.

We Carry a Full Line of
High Grade Farm Machinery

Labor Saving Devices

The farm is one place where labor saving devices should be provided. Have you a gasoline engine or a windmill on your pump? Have you a cream separator? Or do you walk behind your drag harrows? You increase your happiness and lengthen your days by taking advantage of the numerous conveniences man has devised---and we sell most of them and at reasonable prices. :: :: :: :: ::

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Smith & Moran

Inside the Lines

By EARL DERR BIGGERS

AND
ROBERT WELLS RITCHIE

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SYNOPSIS

Just previous to the outbreak of the European war Jane Gerson, buyer for a New York house, meets a Captain Woodhouse in a train for Paris. He tells her he is en route for Egypt.

Louisa, a spy, meets Billy Capper, another spy, in Berlin. She promises him a job and a number with the Wilhelmstrasse. Then Woodhouse meets Louisa and is observed by some American tourists, Henry Sherman and family.

Woodhouse (the name is assumed) is in a plot with Louisa to impersonate an English officer of that name, who is to be transferred from Wady Halfa to take charge of the signal tower at Gibraltar. Woodhouse, by agreement, purloins Capper's Wilhelmstrasse number.

Woodhouse proceeds to Alexandria and in Ramleh seeks Dr. Koch, a German spy. He shows him the number. Capper appears and makes trouble.

Woodhouse allays Koch's suspicions. Capper secretes himself in a neighboring garden and spies on Dr. Koch.

Capper sees the real Woodhouse borne out unconscious from Dr. Koch's house and follows the pseudo-Woodhouse to Gibraltar. The latter stops overnight with Joseph Almer, proprietor of the Hotel Splendide, and a German spy. Louisa is at Gibraltar in disguise.

Henry Sherman and family are stopping at the Splendide. Suddenly Jane Gerson appears, having with difficulty left Paris. All await a boat.

Lady Crandall, the American wife of Gibraltar's governor, visits the Splendide, is delighted with Jane's samples of gowns and invites her to stay at Government House. Woodhouse encounters Jane, but denies any previous meeting.

Almer informs Woodhouse that a friend is stationed at Government House and that from the signal tower every mine in the harbor can be exploded. The British fleet is due.

Woodhouse pays his respects to General Crandall, and Capper follows to inform upon him and tells of his experience at Ramleh.

CHAPTER X. No. 1932.

WOODHOUSE and Almer were alone in the mongrel reception room. The hour was late. Almer began sliding folding wooden shutters along the back of the street windows. Woodhouse lingered over the excuse of a final cigarette, knowing the moment of his rapprochement with his fellow Wilhelmstrasse spy was at hand. He was more distraught than he cared to admit even to himself. The day's developments had been startling—first the stunning encounter with Capper there on the very Rock that was to be the scene of his delicate operations—Capper, whom he had thought sunk in the oblivion of some Alexandrian wine shop, but who had followed him on the Princess Mary. The fellow had deliberately cast himself into his notice. Woodhouse reflected. There had been menace and insolent hint of a power to harm in his sneering oburgation that Woodhouse should remember his name against a second meeting. "Capper—never heard the name in Alexandria, eh?" What could he mean by that if not that somehow the little ferret had learned of his visit to the home of Dr. Koch? And that meant—why, Capper in Gibraltar was as dangerous as a coiled cobra!

Then the unexpected meeting with Jane Gerson, the little American he had mourned as lost in the fury of the war. Ah, that was a joy not unmixed with regret. What did she think of

him? First, he had been forced cowardly to deny the acquaintance that had meant much to him in moments of recollection; then he had attempted a lame explanation, which explained nothing and must have left her more mystified than before. In fact, he had frankly thrown himself on the mercy of a girl on whom he had not the shadow of claim beyond the poor equity of a chance friendship—an incident she might consider as merely one of a day's travel as far as he could know. He had stood before her caught in a deceit, for on the occasion of that never to be forgotten ride from Calais to Paris he had represented himself as hurrying back to Egypt, and here she found him still out of uniform and in a hotel in Gibraltar.

Beyond all this, Jane Gerson was going to the governor's house as a guest. She, whom he had forced, ever so cavalierly, into a promise to keep secret her half knowledge of the double game he was playing, was going to be on the intimate ground of association with the one man in Gibraltar who by a crook of his finger could end suspicion by a firing squad. This breezy little baggage from New York carried his life balanced on the rosy tip of her tongue. She could be careless or she could be indifferent. In either case it would be hazardous eyes and the click of shells going home for him.

It was Almer who interrupted Woodhouse's troubled train of thought.

"Captain Woodhouse will report for signal duty on the Rock tomorrow, I suppose?" he insinuated, coming down to where Woodhouse was standing before the fireplace. He made a show of tidying up the scattered magazines and folders on the table.

"Report for signal duty?" the other echoed coldly. "How did you know I was to report for signal duty here?"

"In the press a few weeks ago," the hotel keeper hastily explained, "your transfer from the Nile country was announced. We poor people here in Gibraltar, we have so little to think about, even such small details of news."

"Ah, yes. Quite so." Woodhouse tapped back a yawn.

"Your journey here from your station on the Nile—it was without incident?" Almer eyed his guest closely. The latter permitted his eyes to rest on Almer's for a minute before replying.

"Quite." Woodhouse threw his cigarette in the fireplace and started for the stairs.

"Ah, most unusual—such a long journey without incident of any kind in this time of universal war, with all Europe gone mad." Almer was twiddling the combination of a small safe set in the wall by the fireplace, and his chatter seemed only incidental to the absorbing work he had at hand. "How will the madness end, Captain Woodhouse? What will be the boundary lines of Europe's nations in, say, 1932?"

Almer rose as he said this and turned to look squarely into the other's face. Woodhouse met his gaze steadily and without betraying the slightest emotion.

"In 1932—I wonder," he mused, and into his speech unconsciously appeared that throaty intonation of the Teutonic tongue.

"Don't go yet, Captain Woodhouse. Before you retire I want you to sample some of this brandy." He brought out of the safe a short squat bottle and glasses. "See; I keep it in the safe, so precious it is. Drink with me, captain, to the monarch you have come to Gibraltar to serve—to his majesty King George V."

Almer lifted his glass, but Woodhouse appeared wrapped in thought. His hand did not go up.

"I see you do not drink to that toast, captain."

"No—I was thinking of 1932."

"So?" Quick as a flash Almer caught

him up. "Then perhaps I had better say drink to the greatest monarch in Europe."

"To the greatest monarch in Europe!" Woodhouse lifted his glass and drained it.

Almer leaned suddenly across the table and spoke tensely. "You have—something maybe—I would like to see—some little relic of Alexandria, let us say."

Woodhouse swept a quick glance around, then reached for the pin in his tie.

"A scarab; that's all."

In the space of a breath Almer had seen what lay in the back of the stone beetle. He gripped Woodhouse's hand fervently.

"Yes, yes—1932! They have told me of your coming. A cablegram from Koch only this afternoon said you would be on the Princess Mary. The other, the real Woodhouse—there will be no slips—he will not!"

"He is as good as a dead man for many months," Woodhouse interrupted. "Not a chance of a mistake." He slipped easily into German. "Everything depends on us now, Herr Almer."

"Perhaps the fate of our fatherland," Almer replied, cleaving to English. Woodhouse stepped suddenly away from the side of the table, against which he had been leaning, and his right hand jerked back to a concealed holster on his hip. His eyes were hot with suspicion.

"You do not answer in German—why not? Answer me in German or by—"

"Ach! What need to become excited?" Almer drew back hastily, and his tongue speedily switched to German. "German is dangerous here on the Rock, captain. Only yesterday they shot a man against a wall because he spoke German too well. Do you wonder I try to forget our native tongue?"

Woodhouse was mollified, and he smiled apologetically. Almer forgave him out of admiration for his discretion.

"No need to suspect me, Almer. They will tell you in Berlin how for twenty years I have served the Wil-



"From Room D every mine in the harbor can be exploded."

helmstrasse. But never before such an opportunity—such an opportunity. Stupendous!" Woodhouse nodded enthusiastic affirmation. "But to business, 1932. This Captain Woodhouse some seven years ago was stationed here on the Rock for just three months."

"So I know."

"You, as Woodhouse, will be expected to have some knowledge of the signal tower, to which you will have access." Almer climbed a chair on the opposite side of the room, threw open the face of the old Dutch clock there and removed from its interior a thin roll of blue drafting paper. He put it in Woodhouse's hands. "Here are a few plans of the interior of the signal tower—the best I could get. You will study them tonight, but give me your word to burn them before you sleep."

"Very good," Woodhouse slipped the

roll into the breast pocket of his coat. Almer leaned forward in a gust of excitement and, bringing his mouth close to the other's ear, whispered hoarsely:

"England's Mediterranean fleet—twenty-two dreadnaughts, with cruisers and destroyers—nearly a half of Britain's navy, will be here any day, hurrying back to guard the channel. They will anchor in the strait. Our big moment—it will be here then! Listen! Room D in the signal tower—that is the room. All the electric switches are there. From Room D every mine in the harbor can be exploded in ten seconds."

"Yes, but how to get to Room D?" Woodhouse queried.

"Simple. Two doors to Room D, captain; an outer door like any other, an inner door of steel protected by a combination lock like a vault's door. Two men on the Rock have that combination—Major Bishop, chief signal officer, he has it in his head; the governor general of the Rock, he has it in his safe."

"We can get it out of the safe easier than from Major Bishop's head," Woodhouse put in, with a smile.

"Right. We have a friend in the governor's own house, a man with a number from the Wilhelmstrasse like you and me. At any moment in the last two months he could have laid a hand on that combination. But we thought it better to wait until necessity came. When the fleet arrives you will have that combination. You will go with it to Room D, and after that—"

"The deluge," the other finished.

"Yes, yes; our country master of the sea at last and by the work of the Wilhelmstrasse, despised spies who are shot like dogs when they're caught, but die heroes' deaths." The hotel proprietor checked himself in the midst of his rhapsody and came back to more practical details:

"But this afternoon—that man from Alexandria who called you by name. That looked bad, very bad. He knows something?"

Woodhouse, who had been expecting the question and who preferred not to share an anxiety he felt himself best fitted to cope with alone, turned the other's question aside.

"Never met him before in my life to my best recollection. My name he picked up on the Princess Mary, of course. I won a pool one day, and he may have heard some one mention it. Simply a drunken brawler who didn't know what he was doing."

Almer seemed satisfied, but raised another point:

"But the girl who has just left here—am I to have no explanation of her?"

"What explanation do you want?" the captain demanded curtly.

"She recognized you. Who is she? What is she?"

"Devilish unfortunate," Woodhouse admitted. "We met a few weeks ago on a train while I was on my way to Egypt, you know. Chatted together—oh, very informally. She is a capable young woman from the States—a 'buyer,' she calls herself. But I don't think—need fear complications from that score; she's bent only on getting home."

"The situation is dangerous," urged Almer, wagging his head. "She is stopping at the governor's house; any reference she might make about meeting you on a train on the continent when you were supposed to be at Wady Halfa, on the Nile—"

"I have her promise she will not mention that meeting to anybody."

"Ach! A woman's promise!" Almer's eyes invoked heaven to witness a futile thing. "She seemed rather glad to see you again; I!"

"Really?" Woodhouse's eyes lighted.

The Splendide's proprietor was pacing the floor as fast as his fat legs would let him. "Something must be done," he muttered again and again. He halted abruptly before Woodhouse and launched a thick forefinger at him like a torpedo.

"You must make love to that girl, Woodhouse, to keep her on our side."

was his ultimatum.

Woodhouse regarded him quizzically, leaned forward and whispered significantly:

"I'm already doing it," he said.

CHAPTER XI.

At Government House.

TURNING to consider the never stale fortunes of one of fate's bean bags—

Mr. Billy Capper, ejected from the Hotel Splendide, took little umbrage at such treatment. It was not an uncommon experience, and, besides, a quiet triumph that would not be dampened by trifles filled his soul. Cheerfully he pushed through the motley crowd on Waterport street down to the lower levels of the city by the Line wall, where the roosts of sailors and warrens of quondam adventurers off all the seven seas made far more congenial atmosphere than that of the Splendide's hollow pretense. He chose a hostelry more commensurate with his slender purse than Almer's, though as a matter of fact the question of paying a hotel bill was furthest from Billy Capper's thoughts. Such formal transactions he avoided whenever feasible. The proprietor of the San Roc, where Capper took a room, had such an evil eye that his new guest made a mental note that perhaps he might have to leave his bag behind when he departed. Capper abhorred violence—to his own person.

Alone over a glass of thin wine—the champagne days, alas, had been too fleeting!—Capper took stock of his situation and conned the developments he hoped to be the instrument for starting. To begin with, finances were wretchedly bad, and that was a circumstance so near the ordinary for Capper that he shuddered as he pulled a gold guinea and a few silver bits from his pocket and mechanically counted them over. Of the 300 marks Louisa—pretty snake!—had given him in the Cafe Riche and the expense money he had received from her the following day to cover his expedition to Alexandria for the Wilhelmstrasse naught but this paltry residue! That second cabin ticket on the Princess Mary had taken the last big bite from his hoard, and here he was in this black and tan town with a quid and little more between himself and the old starved dog life.

But—and Capper narrowed his eyes and sagely wagged his head—there'd be something fat coming. When he got knee to knee with the governor general of the Rock and told him what he, Billy Capper, knew about the identity of Captain Woodhouse, newly transferred to the signal service at Gibraltar, why, if there wasn't a cool £50 or a matter of that as honorarium from a generous government Billy Capper had missed his guess—that's all.

The little spy anticipated no difficulty in gaining audience with the governor. Before he had been fifteen minutes off the Princess Mary he had heard the name of the present incumbent of Government House—Crandall—Sir George Crandall, the same who had been in command of the forts at Rangoon back in '90. Oh, yes, Capper knew him, and he made no doubt that if properly reminded of a certain bit of work Billy Capper had done back in the Burmese city Sir George would recall him—and with every reason for gratefulness. Tomorrow—yes, before ever Sir George had had his morning's peg—Capper would present himself at Government House and tell about that house on Queen's terrace at Ramleh; about the unconscious British officer who was carried there and hurried thence by night, and the tall, well knit man in conference with Dr. Koch, who was now come to be a part of the garrison of the Rock under the stolen name of Woodhouse.

Government House, one of the Bae-deker points of Gibraltar, stands amid its gardens on a shelf of the Rock about midway between the Alameda

and the signal tower, perched on the very spine of the lion's back above it. Its windows look out on the blue bay and over to the red roofs of Algeciras, across the water on Spanish territory.

Thither on the morning after his arrival Captain Woodhouse went to report for duty to Major General Sir George Crandall, governor of the Rock. As the captain emerged from the straggling end of Waterport street and strode through the flowered paths of the Alameda he did not happen to see a figure that dodged behind a chevaux-de-frise of Spanish bayonet on his approach. Billy Capper, who had been pacing the gardens for more than an hour, fear battling with the



"Welcome to the Rock, captain."

predatory impulse that urged him to Government House, watched Captain Woodhouse pass, and his eyes narrowed into a queer twinkle of oblique humor. So Captain Woodhouse had begun to play the game—going to report to the governor, eh? The pale soul of Mr. Capper glowed with a faint flicker of admiration for this cool bravery far beyond its own capacity to practice. Capper waited a safe time, then followed, chose a position outside Government House from which he could see the main entrance and waited.

A tall, thin East Indian with a narrow, ascetic face under his closely wound white turban and wearing a native livery of the same spotless white answered the captain's summons on the heavy knocker. He accepted the visitor's card, showed him into a dim hallway hung with faded arras and coats of chain mail. The Indian, Jaimilr Khan, gave Captain Woodhouse a start when he returned to say the governor would receive him in his office. The man had a tread like a cat's—absolutely noiseless. He moved through the half light of the hall like a white wraith. His English was spoken precisely and with a curious mechanical intonation.

Jaimilr Khan threw back heavy double doors and announced, "Cap-tain Wood-house!" He had the doors shut noiselessly almost before the visitor was through them.

A tall, heavy set man with graying hair and mustache rose from a broad desk at the right of a large room and advanced with hand outstretched in cordial welcome.

"Captain Woodhouse of the signal service? Welcome to the Rock, captain. Need you here. Glad you've come."

Woodhouse studied the face of his superior in a swift glance as he shook hands. A broad, full face it was—kindly, intelligent, perhaps not so alert as to the set of eyes and mouth as it had been in younger days when the stripes of service were still to be won. General Sir George Crandall gave the impression of a man content to rest on his honors, though scrupulously attentive to the routine of his position. He motioned the younger man to draw a chair up to the desk.



ASSOCIATED FARMERS
Limited
Lomond, Alberta

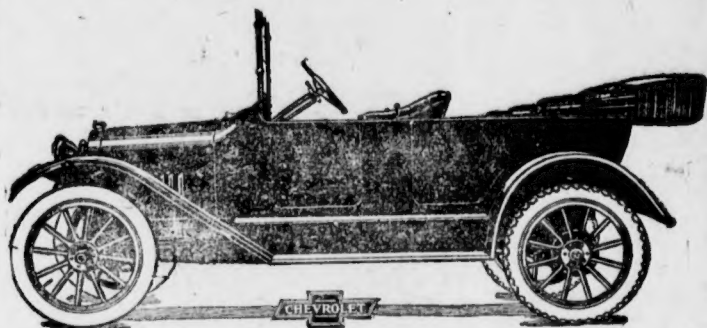
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Tire Carrier, Robe Rail and Foot
Rail, Door Pockets, Yacht Line
Body Painted Chevrolet Green.

Baby Grand - \$1325.00

Chevrolet Eight - \$1875.00

There is a "Chevrolet" to meet the demand of every buyer—from the serviceable "490" to the luxuriously designed "Chevrolet Eight".

SEE THE NEW "DODGE"

Now on Display

A Couple of Good Second Hand Cars for Sale.

Sawyer-Massey Threshing
Machinery.

Waterloo Separators.

Gould-Shapely & Muir Pumping
Engines and Windmills.

J. A. BOWERS

LOMOND, -:- ALBERTA

Is This True?

Speaking before the Fort William board of trade, N. M. Peterson, prominent grain man and elevator operator, made the statement that the milling companies were getting about five dollars profit on every barrel of flour.

Regarding the spread in prices, he stated that wheat selling in Winnipeg at \$2.36 was \$3.05 in Minneapolis, while the flour was \$12.10 per barrel here and \$13.50 in Minneapolis.

The Gazette's correspondent at Ottawa reports that the military service bill having been signed by the governor-general at Toronto, the act will be assented to in the senate today by the acting deputy governor-general, Mr. Justice Duff, and "will immediately become law, with all the clauses operative except those calling the classes to report." When regulations and tribunals are completed, which will require two or three weeks work, a proclamation will be issued, the correspondent says, ordering those of the classes subject to call "single men

between 20 and 34 years of age," to report at points in their several districts, which will be designated in the proclamation. "The parliamentary committee to select one member for each of the appeal courts has not yet been completed, owing to the delay in securing from the opposition leader the names of those who are to be appointed by him to this body," the Gazette's dispatch says.

Business Change

Mr. Moore, blockman for the Massey-Harris Company, was in Lomond for several days this week transferring the company's agency from H. A. Benson to J. A. Bowers. Mr. Benson will move to his farm north of Calgary and Mr. Bowers will enter the machine business with the vim which has characterized his business activities since coming to Lomond.

It is good business to support the home trader and producer. The money remains at home and is circulated in the community. If your money is sent out of town it goes out of circulation.

Fare and One-Third FOR ROUND TRIP LABOR DAY

Monday, Sept. 3rd

Going August 31st to Sept. 3rd. Final Return Limit Sept. 5th.

Take advantage of the summer's latest Public Holiday by Traveling via

Canadian Pacific Railway

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST HIGHWAY."

Apply any C. P. R. Agent, or R. DAWSON, District Passenger Agent, Calgary.

Bow City Coal Mine!

Plenty of Coal Ready Plenty of Miners
No Delay in Loading Teams.
\$4.00 Per Ton

THE PRAIRIE COAL COMPANY, LTD.

Eyremore P. O.



THE
STANDARD BANK

OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

FARMERS

Advances to farmers are made
a special feature by this Bank. 238

LOMOND BRANCH

L. M. SWAN,

Manager.

The Central Garage LOMOND

FREE AIR

A Complete and up-to-date line of Accessories and Tires. The new No Glare Headlights.

Expert repairman on all makes of cars.

Vulcan Stage!

Return Trip Made Every Wednesday and Saturday.

Charters & Travis

PROPRIETORS

The modern farm requires expensive buildings. In a few years these rapidly deteriorate unless protected by good paint.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINTS AND VARNISHES FOR FARM USE

No farm owner can afford to leave his farm buildings unpainted. When new they appear to stand the weather alright, but surely and gradually the lumber begins to crack and check, decay starts, and before you realize it you have a leaky, draughty barn, and expensive repairs are necessary.

The regular use of paint means a small outlay occasionally, but it keeps your buildings as good as new.

S-W Barn Red is a special paint for painting farm buildings. It is economical in price and it gives good service. It is one of the full line of Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes which we carry in stock.

Associated Farmers

... Limited ...
Lomond, Alberta



Conscription Bill Signed

Canada's military service bill is now law. It was signed by the Duke of Devonshire, the governor-general, at the Ontario house shortly before 6 o'clock this evening.

The business man who sends out for his printing is simply withdrawing from local circulation money which should be devoted to building up the town. The man or woman who sends away for goods which can be procured in the home town is disloyal to the community.

LOST

At Fair Grounds Tuesday afternoon, a gold watch, owner Elmer Thompson. Finder kindly leave at The Press Office.

Purse Lost—On the 19th August, a Bill Folder containing over \$100, and papers. A reward of \$25 will be paid for return of same to

J. A. BOWERS,
Central Garage, Lomond.

Lost—From my place about May 1st, 1917, gray mare two years old, and black mare one year old, both branded (—) on right shoulder.

Strayed—To my place about June 1st, 1917, black mare branded ZO on left shoulder, and bay horse branded Q5 on right thigh. Apply to
SAM ODLARD, Rosemead, Alta.

FOR SALE

One team of buckskin work geldings, gentle, four and five year old. Cheap for cash or time.

Neil Bros.,
Lomond Alta.

33-16-20.

Restaurant

Jang How, Prop.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Soft Drinks Temperance Beer,
Confectionery, Cigars and Tobacco

McKee & Cant

Contractors and Builders

Lomond, Alberta

Let us figure on that house or barn you are going to build. Prices moderate and first-class work is Guaranteed.

You Tractor Men

Buy Your Gasolene
and Kerosene
from

W. A. Teskey
Lomond

The H. & H Feed and Sales Stables

When in Lomond
leave your team at
the Farmers Feed
Barn.

BOW CITY COAL AND
TIMOTHY HAY FOR
SALE

Holo & Hedges
Lomond, Alberta

HERBERT J. MABER
SOLICITOR AND
BARRISTER

VULCAN ALBERTA

Phillips & Munro

Everything in Hardware. Oils, Paints,
and Glasses. Hot air, hot water
and Steam Heating.
Furniture and Undertaking.

Real Estate, Insurance and Conveyancing Auctioneers and Valuers

:: Money to Loan on Improved Farm Property ::

The Lomond Realty Co.

H. E. ELVES

L. M. SWAIN

Ladies' Apparel

We endeavor to cater to the women of Lomond by keeping before them the new styles and designs as they are originated by the leading manufacturers of the land. Come and make your own personal selection.

Headquarters

for

Dry Goods, Groceries,

Boots, Shoes and Clothing

"Art" and "Fit-Reform" Tailored Clothes for Men.

Marshall & Wilson

"THE STORE of QUALITY"

Lomond, Alberta